

Swipe Right by Aestheticdenbrough

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Genre: College AU, F/F, Tinder, mentions of bev's past, shower scene, tinder au

Language: English

Characters: Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Beverly Marsh & Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Beverly Marsh/Maxine "Max" Mayfield

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Summary:

Bev has love troubles and Richie wants to help by signing her up for Tinder.

Swipe Right

Bev plops down on her bed with a sigh. After another walk of shame following a one night stand, she was about to call it quits. The guy tried to give her *money* for it, which definitely means she *won't* be hearing from him in the way she would like to. *Damn.*

She sits up, looking around her dorm, her roommate was out, *thank God*, Bev thinks to herself. She gets up, grabbing some shorts and a shirt from her drawer, heading to the bathroom for a shower.

She'd never been comfortable with the idea of meaningless sex. Ever. Not since her dad. Since- then. Recently though, it seems to have changed. Not on purpose, at all, just so many failed attempts at long term relationships turning her cold.

She turns the water to almost as hot as it goes, scorching her pale skin some but she hardly flinches, just rubbing her hands over her eyes before rubbing shampoo into her shoulder length hair, letting the bubbles run down her back.

The feeling of clean, an excellent one. She particularly sought it out after nights like the one before. Ones that made her feel dirty.

dirty, 'dɜrdē/

adjective

1.

covered or marked with an unclean substance.

"a tray of dirty cups and saucers"

A dirty girl

synonyms: soiled, grimy, grubby, filthy, mucky, stained, unwashed, greasy, smeared, smeary, spotted, smudged, cloudy, muddy, dusty, sooty

She squeezes her eyes shut. *Class later*, she remembers, soaping the rest of her up and rinsing. She gets out of the shower, drying herself off and looking herself in the mirror.

She eyes the dried and crusty mascara and bit of lipstick left on her chin with a sigh, taking a makeup wipe from her counter and wiping

it off with care, "I'll be fine," she reminds, looking at the steam muddled image of herself in the mirror.

Once she's dressed and dried off, she pulls her hair into what she considers a pathetic attempt at a ponytail. She grabs her bag, deciding to go meet Richie at the library, Ben had been making him go since they became roommates.

She locks the door behind her, setting off for the library through the campus, the light weather leaving her feeling refreshed.

She steps into the library, her senses immediately overwhelmed by the smell of old books and coffee. She walks to Richie's usual corner, spotting him in the chair, his knees pulled to his chest and his glasses low on his nose, obviously having trouble focusing.

"Hey Rich," she says brightly, plastering a smile to her tired face.

"Cut the bullshit," Richie says as soon as she's finished, gesturing for her to sit next to him. "You're upset," he says simply, sliding his legs down and pushing his glasses up his nose.

Bev looks at the ground, picking at some dirt under her fingernails, "yeah?" She asks back softly.

"Hookup last night, another douchebag?" Richie asks, folding over his page and putting the book on the table in front of him, setting his feet up on the table as well.

"Yeah," she says softly, bouncing her knee anxiously.

"Give me your phone."

"What?"

"You heard me," Richie says back, looking at her seriously.

She passes the device over hesitantly, "Password?" He asks.

"I gave you a fingerprint last time," she reminds glumly.

"Okay, hmm, hmm. Tinder, tinder, tinder," he mutters to himself,

scrolling through the app store.

"Richie? No? I am *not* using that app, no," she responds quickly, moving her hands around as she speaks.

"Already are," he grins, showing her a half finished profile.

"Godamnit, Richie," she sighs, "at least pick a nice picture of me?" She huffs out, sinking in her seat. *This should be interesting.*

"Bev. 19. Art and design major. Looking for the pussy or dick and the feelings behind them. Sound good?" Richie smirks, typing it in with a wide grin.

"Oh god Richie, I'm going to kill you, literally. So hard," she threatens noncommittally, putting her palms over her eyes.

Richie keeps at his typing, thumbs hammering away at her screen until he deems it done, passing it back to her, "And Beverly, if you kill me, do it while I'm hooking up with someone? Wanna die doing something I love," he smirks as he gets up from his chair, "I've got class, and I'll see you later," he promises, pointing at her as he walks backwards.

Bev sighs, not knowing what on her profile she could change, *it is mostly accurate, even if I hate it.* She swipes through a few matches, frowning at some of them, mostly the fact that she's already seen both *Bill* and *Mike* on tinder, *didn't see that coming.*

Bev swipes through for a bit more until she finds another fiery redhead. *Mayfield, Max | 20 | sk8r grl.* Bev smiles to herself, swiping yes to her, not knowing where this will take her from here.